

Reynolds, Josephine V.

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I saw and heard in a trance in
which I remained ten days
without food or drink

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Josephine V. Reynolds

My Strange Experience

OR

What I Saw and Heard in a Trance in
Which I Remained Ten Days without
Food or Drink.

By

Josephine V. Reynolds
Buckhanon, West Virginia.

I TELL YOU THE TRUTH

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PREFACE

In committing to the press an account of what I saw and heard in my strange experience, I do not wish to tax the credulity of the public, nor do I desire to create a sensation or get notoriety. Two reasons influenced my action:

First, the prompting by the Holy Spirit, and the advice of friends in whose judgment I confided.

Secondly, the desire to do good—to warn sinners and encourage believers.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returnest
Was not spoken of the soul.

Deeply anxious to contribute, in some degree, to the means of human salvation, I send out this imperfect narrative with the humble prayer that God will bless it to many.

J. V. R.

MY STRANGE EXPERIENCE

In early life I was deeply impressed by the Divine Spirit with the importance and necessity of being religious. Though very young, I was painfully conscious of sinfulness; and realized that without an interest in the blood of Jesus, I would certainly be lost. Like many others, when young, I resisted these convictions as far as I possibly could. When twelve years old, my convictions were greatly increased and I commenced to seek the pardoning love of God.

Through six years of darkness and doubt I continued without any relief. At the end of that time I was permitted to attend a "protracted meeting" held by Rev. Samuel Clawson, near our home on Pecks Run, Upshur County, West Virginia.

The salvation of my soul was my chief concern, and for the first time I realized its worth as estimated by the Saviour. With a contrite heart I bowed at the "mercy seat". On the evening of April 3, I felt unusually sad and depressed as I was going to church. My fear was that the meeting would close leaving me unsaved. Mr. Clawson preached a sermon of great power, and then invited the penitents to come to the altar. With a heavy heart I bowed at that sacred place, as I had often done, not at all discouraged on account of my former failures. I felt an increased desire to know Christ as my Saviour. Precious time had already passed, unimproved by me. I saw its value and desired to use it to the glory of God.

About ten o'clock I became conscious of a great change: peace filled my mind. I knew that my prayer was heard. I prayed that the truth and genuineness of my conversion might be revealed to me with such power as to leave no room for doubt. At this point I lost sight of earth. The spirit seemed to completely dominate the body. I heard no voices of anyone, nor looked upon any earthly scenes. The spirit world in both apartments was unveiled and I was permitted to look into each of them. The world of the lost I was permitted to explore first. At this time I was not in any trouble of mind, from the fact that I had been told I was only to pass through this place, and after passing through it I would be permitted to enter the World of Rest.

On the first day of my journey—April 4—I saw two men in “torment” and talked with them. When I approached them, they asked me why I was not tormented as they were. I answered, “I was a sinner for many years, but I have been forgiven and am now serving my Lord and Master;” that for some cause unknown to myself I was permitted to pass through this sad and awful place. This place was very dark and smoky, and impressed me as being a place of deepest wretchedness and woe. I saw flames of their torment ascending continually and heard their cries for mercy that seemed to be ever receding from them.

They told me that they would give worlds for the privilege of leaving this dreadful place, or had they lived Christians so as to have escaped it. The burden of their cry was, “It is too late; we must

live here in torment forever." Greatly moved by what I saw, I kneeled down and prayed that my faith might not grow weak or falter in my devotion to God. I then told those men that I could not help them in any way as they had allowed their time of probation to pass unheeded and unimproved; and having neglected their salvation they must remain in this state of wretchedness forever. I told them that I could not stay with them.

Feeling interested in their history, I asked them if they had any relations in the Better World. One of them answered, "I have a father there; he exhorted me to meet him there, but I continued to sin and failed to prepare for Heaven. I wasted my days in the pursuits of earthly good. Death came and found me not ready. My last days were filled with darkness and anguish. I was often warned. God's ministers pointed to the danger and urged me to escape; but in vain."

The other said: "I have a father on earth, but I never heard him pray; yet I hope he will learn to do so ere it will be too late." He asked me to pray for himself. I answered: "While I could pray for you, it could not help you or relieve in any sense your sad condition. Earth was the place to prepare for Heaven." Some who were here laughed at me. Others wept. I asked: "Why do you weep?" and the answer from each was: "My soul is lost!"

Oh! The sad scorching flames that seemed to be around them inflicted unmitigated torment. I left these men, having received fresh courage, which I needed, being surrounded by such fearful scenes.

I have not language with which to describe the place, although I desire very much to do so. All that I can say is, the cries of the lost ones are heard continually. This world in which we now are, with all its discord and violence, moves on smoothly and quietly, and all things seem to adore the great Father for His manifold mercies to man, but in the world of the lost there are darkness, bitterness, and rebellion. There seemed to be no God there; every soul and every place seemed to rest under an awful curse. No ear of mercy, no answer to prayer, no hope of escape, cheered these victims of despair.

At this point I met a man who wished to accompany me. I said to him: "Art thou a true Christian, having the evidence within you that you are Christ's?" He answered: "I am the worst of sinners. I lived on earth a sinner, and came to this place a sinner. I often heard of this place, but intended to reform and escape it, but deferred it until it was too late. Now I am here forever."

Passing on untroubled, I came to two women who were in a very dark and gloomy place; all their surroundings were distressing. Approaching them, I found them in great distress. It seemed to me that they were in burning flames, and I felt a strong desire to relieve them. Desiring to know something of their history, I asked them why they were in this awful condition. I asked one of them if she had been there a great while. She answered that she had not. I asked why she had been cast into this place. She answered: "There was so much pride in my young heart, the world was full of en-

chantment, and I was too proud to submit to the claims of religion. Thoughts of my sins were distasteful to me amidst so much pleasure. Indeed I had a very low opinion of professing Christians; and when they sought to win me to a better life, I laughed at them for their pains. Engrossed with the pleasure of life, I noted not the flight of time until it was too late to reform. In my life of worldliness I disregarded the counsels of my mother who warned me faithfully of my danger. I presumed on long life, but was overtaken by death unprepared." To her, one hour of probation was now a boon for which she could thank God, would He bestow it.

The other woman to whom I now turned was crying: "My torment! My torment!" I asked to know her history. She said: "I attended God's house, made a profession of religion, and ran well for a season, but began to neglect the means of grace. The spirit of peace and purity left my heart and I returned to a sinful life. My mother and father have gone to the better land, dying when I was young. I did not have them to instruct me in the way of duty, and forgetting their early counsels I lived to myself and am lost forever. There are no friendships here that cheer the heart. Every one is full of bitter hate to all others. The fact that I am a backslider adds poignance to my grief and bitterness to my sorrow."

The contrast between her state when holding communion with God while on earth, and her state of banishment now, illustrates with great force

the character of sin as well as the criminality of neglecting prayer and watchfulness. She had died with a full knowledge of her destiny, seeing the ruin, but for want of time, powerless to arrest it. I informed her that I could not remain longer with her but must continue my journey.

I now began the second day of my journey—April 5—and saw a man in great distress. To my mind he was wrapped with fire and brimstone, and suffered more than any tongue or pen can describe. I inquired to know his history. He answered: "I didn't think that I was wicked as others are. It is true I lived upon earth a long time, but I never prayed. My parents often told me that I was very wicked and would be lost if I continued in this course, but to these warnings I gave no heed but continued to seek the pleasures of life, utterly regardless of my responsibility and my duty to God. Often I attended God's house and was faithfully warned against sin, and urged to come to Christ. Like many others, I hoped much for the future, believing that sometime I would reform. But I never reached that time, for death intervened and ended a life that had been wasted upon perishing things. While dying, one hour for repentance would have been worth more to me than were all the years of my life. I fully realize my present state; it is forever. There are no means of escape nor relief from suffering." I was much affected by this interview and called upon my Heavenly Father with all my heart that I might be faithful to the end.

I now saw very many of my own sex who were

crying for help. They besought me to stay with them; but I told them that I could not, as I was going to that beautiful place, the home of Jesus, The City of Light and Purity, where God's children shall gather, one by one, until all shall have reached their rest. Finding that I intended to go on, they began trying to discourage me by saying that I would not be able to reach the Heavenly Land; but I answered: "I have the evidence in my heart that I shall see my Saviour." Some of them said they had been deceived, as they certainly expected to get to Heaven. Now they saw they trusted to insufficient evidence.

Amid these trying scenes, thus far, my mind continued calm and clear. At this point I saw another woman who seemed to suffer far more than any I had before seen. I asked her why her punishment was so sore. She answered: "Because I was such a vile sinner upon earth. When I was young I enjoyed wickedness and laughed in the face of those who tried to persuade me to become a Christian. I was hard-hearted and heedless, not even giving a serious thought to my end." "How long have you been here?" I asked. She answered: "A long time. My sister," she continued, "was pious and had gone to her rest in Heaven. Often she prayed for me and warned me of this place, but I met all her kindness with derision. At her death I was sobered and promised to meet her in Heaven, but put the matter off too long."

I met another woman who, while on earth, neglected to trust in Jesus and depended upon her

morality. She informed me that she attended church as a form, but never prayed; tried to live in a quiet, peaceable manner and did nothing she felt to be wrong. Now she realized that she was a "thief and a robber," as she had tried to climb up some other way.

While I was talking to this woman, I could hear the angels singing; and the burden of their song was, "The wretchedness of those who live with a false hope and die in despair. How narrow the path and how few find it!"

Now I saw a great multitude of people, all in the deepest wretchedness and misery. Some of them looked with scorn at me; others pointed to me in derision. While I endeavored to turn away from them, I fell into temptation, caused by seeing so many suffering in this place of misery. The impression was made that I would not be able to reach that better country—that I was lost. But I remembered that Christ had been kind to me in my sinful state, and this thought revived my confidence. The tempter, however, was not easily silenced. He now offered me all that heart could wish if I would abandon the effort to reach Heaven. My answer was: "I will not; I have placed my all in the hands of Christ. He has never deceived me and I am persuaded that He will not now."

As the tempter still confronted me, I began to pray earnestly for deliverance, for more faith, and to know why I was so tempted; when suddenly my guide stood before me—my angel friend, ready to guide me through this awful place. All was now

clear and bright, and, though afterward tempted, I still had less difficulty in resisting. Recalling my vows to God, I felt an increase of moral power, which made me a victor in the struggle.

At this point, while remembering the friends that I had left behind, and very much desiring them to know that I was certainly going to rest, I became conscious that this was only for a moment and did not cause me to lose sight of the scenes of the suffering I had been contemplating. During this interval I could distinguish my mother's voice from others. I heard her call my name, and also heard her weeping. She asked me if I was hungry. I tried to answer, but could not make myself heard. This troubled me, as I desired to inform her that I was not suffering.

Now my mind was entirely driven away again and once more I gazed upon scenes of woe. I now saw two men bound together in chains. Their punishment seemed to be most fearful. One of them asked me if I could help them out of this place. I told them that I had no power to do that, but that I was only passing through that place, and must leave them as I found them. I asked them how long they had been there. They answered: "Not long, but the punishment is fearful."

With much fervency, I prayed for courage and strength to endure these harrowing sights. All fear fled. The Saviour seemed very near to me. My heart was greatly stirred with pity for these self-destroyed people. Indeed I had doubts again, at this point, as to whether I would be able to get

through them or not. I would conclude it was for my good that I was required to look upon these scenes of suffering.

I now commenced the third day of my journey—Saturday, April 6. Passing on from this place, I saw a group of men and women standing apart from others. When I approached them, they requested me to stay with them. I answered: "What inducements can you offer me to stay?" One woman only would answer me. She said: "We have no enjoyment to offer. We are suffering intensely, and without hope of relief." "Have you any friends in Heaven?" I asked. She answered: "I have a husband there who often labored to win me to a better life. But I thought there was time enough for repentance. *Thus I perished.*"

Many of these people were mourning over the loss of their souls. A number of them said to me: "Go on, we do not want you to stay in such an awful place and suffer with us." Some asked me to help them but I could only pity them.

Passing on, I saw a woman who seemed to be going my way. I asked her where she was going. She said: "I am going to the land of my Saviour." As we agreed, we continued together. In conversation, I asked her if she had any kindred in that good land. She answered: "I have a father and a mother there, and I rejoice that I am on my way to meet them. Besides these, I have many friends there." Again, I asked her if she had met with any temptations. She said she had not. Said I: "Can you tell me why I have been so severely tempted

thus far?" "Because," she said, "your faith is weak; you need to pray much to God for help, and see to it that you stay near by your Saviour." This woman greatly encouraged me, causing me to feel that it would not be long until I would reach the Heavenly City. She was also a very intelligent Christian and assured me that we were nearly home. "Why so?" I asked. "Because," she answered, "I hear the angels singing." This satisfied me and caused me to rejoice, as I now felt assured that I would pass safely through this awful place of torment.

I then looked back and recalled many sad scenes through which I had passed, and realized now, more fully, the preciousness of the Saviour shown by His bringing me safe this far.

I now began to think of the friends I had left behind. My greatest desire was to let them know the awfulness of the place through which I had passed.

My woman friend, before mentioned, told me not to be troubled as we were now out of this place; that while she had a father and a mother in Heaven, she also had many dear friends in the world, exposed as mine were, some of whom were wicked and might die in that condition.

I then asked her how long she had been a Christian. She answered: "Just three weeks today. I found peace with God and now I am here where sickness and death can never come. God has been very merciful indeed to me. I lived my life in sin, until I came to my last illness, when I began to be very much concerned about my soul; and in answer

to prayer, I received the remission of sins, through the Lord Jesus Christ."

My father and mother and our neighbors watched over me and cared for me, during my vision; and my father says that in the first days of my unconscious state, the expression of my face indicated deep solemnity and unchanging firmness; also tears constantly flowed from my eyes. These were caused by the terrible scenes through which I passed in the early part of my journey. My father informed me also that in the latter part of my vision, my face was very bright. Sometimes I would laugh and move my hands as if very happy. This, I have no doubt, occurred while I was passing through some of those delightful scenes in Heaven, when the beauty and bliss of the scenes were reflected and thrown upon the countenance. But I must not forget the woman referred to above. After we had both been on our way rejoicing for some time, we looked and saw but a short distance away a group of angels. We were very soon near them. No language can describe how beautiful they were. Happiness such as mortals never know beamed from every face. This was the fourth day of my journey, —Sunday, April 7. Now all my fears were gone and I exclaimed: "Blessed thought, my sins are all forgiven!" Oh, how rich and full was the happiness that filled my soul!

From this place we went on to another group of angels. Among them was great joy. Beautiful crowns were on their heads and sweetest songs were pouring forth from their immortal lips. The re-

membrance of this causes my heart to thrill with indescribable joy. Gathering around us, they began to question us as to whence we had come and whither we were going. We answered that we were from the earth where death reigned, and that we were going to the land where Jesus, our Saviour, lived. They at once proposed to accompany us to our destination, saying that it was not far away. One of these angels asked me if I had met with any great trials on my way. I informed him that I had, but this place seemed very different from the one just passed through. The place in which we now were did not seem to have any regular inhabitants, except angels. Everything seemed new and inspired with joy, without any tendency to sorrow or growing old. As we passed along, the angels began to sing this chorus:

"We are all a band of angels,
We've had our trials and troubles on our way,
But happy are we to win the day
And now we are all happy together."

As we approached the City, we met many beautiful angels; and, just before entering, I came to a group and conversed with them. They asked: "How did you get here?" I answered: "Through many discouragements, but by trusting in Jesus. He has kept me for His name's sake." "Did you know that He would do it?" they asked. I answered: "By His promises I knew. To my faith they were absolutely true." Another asked: "Did you not come through the City of Destruction?" I answered that I did, and that many there desired me to stay with them, but I had refused.

Again they sang, and the sentiment of the song, as I understood it, was: "Why will you stay away when everything is so lovely and inviting, and angels are ready and waiting to carry the news home?" While listening to this I entered a state so bright and serene that I could not possibly describe it. Another song was commenced, in which we joined, embracing the following sentiment: "Bright is the way that angels walk, but many travel the dark way that leads to destruction. Happy are they who walk the narrow way that leads to life."

From this place I continued my journey, being exceedingly happy. Angels were still with me. The way was very bright and pleasant before us. The angels sang again, describing the preciousness of Jesus to those who came up through tribulation.

At this point an angel asked me if I had any friends in Heaven. I answered that I did not know. Again, I was asked if my father and mother were living. I answered that they were, and that I had left them in a world of trouble, also dear brothers and sisters. I told her also that this had troubled me much. She said: "This should not so affect you, for many others have left friends and come to the same place. Jesus should be more than all others."

A young woman came up then and said: "I left a father and two brothers in the world, and have a mother and two sisters in the City of God. How blessed the thought that we have escaped from that land of death!" She said also that she had come through several trials—that her father had done much to discourage her by trying to keep her from

God's house, but in secret prayer she had found Divine strength and peace, which the world could not give. When young, her mother had died, exacting a promise from her child that she would strive to meet her in Heaven. The remembrance of this promise kept her in a measure from neglect of duty.

At this time I could begin to see the beautiful City of God. No language can describe the beauty and grandeur of that Heavenly place. I seemed to mingle freely with angels and sainted men and women. I saw Jesus in His glory. Pure spirits seemed to be coming to this holy place, while the redeemed kept harping, singing and rejoicing. Just here the thought occurred to me that this strange experience was intended to convince me that religion is true, and that it is also true that there is rest in Heaven for the children of God. The doctrines and promises of the Gospel seemed to form the subject of angelic song. Now they sang: "What a happy thought that the mourner has the promise that if he has faith in Jesus he shall reach a home bright and fair."

Strange to me, in the midst of this beauty and brightness and song I would become very serious when remembering the friends I left behind me. I felt that, if my father and mother were only with me, my happiness would be complete.

April 8—fifth day of my journey. As I was passing along this delightful place, everything seemed to become more bright and beautiful. I again joined myself to those who were singing the praise

of God. Here again I saw my Saviour. He was lovely beyond all description. Having approached Him, He told me never to forget that my soul had been washed in His blood. He said: "If you are faithful you will be permitted to stay in this beautiful place five days longer. At the end of that time you must return to your earthly home for a while. The Father permits you to gaze on these scenes for only a short time. There is a great work for you to do on earth." I answered: "Lord, I will try to be obedient to the will of the Father." He continued: "The Spirit will be with you to help you in every time of need. The Father had a purpose in leading you through this strange experience, and it is His will that you should go forth and tell the world what you have seen in the place of despair, exhorting sinners to flee the wrath to come." You must tell them also of the joy and peace that await the good and pious in Heaven. In this way you can warn sinners and encourage Christians. In the future I will call for you. See to it that you have many sheaves to bring with you. Speak to the people of your enjoyments when in this vision, and of the beauty and glory of Heaven."

When my Saviour told me that I was to return to the earth and warn sinners of the awful place I had seen, as well as to invite them to come to Jesus and to Heaven, I was disappointed. I wished to stay with Jesus forever; but this feeling lasted but a moment, when I was enabled to say from my heart, "Not mine, but Thy will be done, O Lord!"

There seemed to be great weight in His words

and yet a great sweetness. He spoke as I never heard man speak, while His countenance was brighter than the sun. I saw continually multitudes of angels hovering near Him, singing the rarest songs and making the richest melody to which I have ever listened.

April 9—sixth day of my journey. This beautiful place continued to grow more bright all the time, and today I conversed again with Jesus. Often I felt almost sad that I could not remain in this place which was becoming more beautiful and attractive every hour. But God's will must be done; as I felt my life in the future was made plain. Labor, sorrow, persecution, and temptation would be in the cup, but amidst it all I must exhort all people to repent and fly to the arms of Jesus.

I was assured that the grace of God is sufficient for it all. While I was thus conversing with Christ, the angels were continually singing, their singing seemed to swell into an immense volume of praise until Heaven was filled with sweetest melody. This, I learned, was caused by the arrival of a good woman and was Heaven's royal welcome to a faithful one.

April 10. I have been on this journey seven days. Today I had another interview with the Saviour. He told me that only my spirit was in Heaven—that my body was in my home on earth with my parents, and many friends around it, waiting for the return of my spirit. He said further: "Remember, while roaming over the fields of bliss, that you are having only a foretaste of Heaven; that you are not prepared for the full enjoyment, but will

be when you come again. I know you think it too much for you to return to earth, but the Spirit will help your infirmities, so that you will be able to perform your mission on earth. Although you are one of the favored of the Lord, you are not above the power of temptation; yet, if you are faithful in the performance of duty, and in obedience, you will surely conquer every enemy. It is the will of the Father that you tell to the world all that I tell you, as well as the scenes of misery through which you have passed. Speak, too, of the beauties and glories of Heaven."

April 11. I now entered the eighth day of my strange experience. All around me were the beauty and music of Heaven. Its grandeur is beyond all human conception. Jesus said to me: "I will now permit your spirit to return to earth for a short time."

Very soon I was conscious of being in the body. I heard human voices, but did not recognize to whom the voices belonged. I could understand that they were talking about myself and were distressed on account of my condition. I could neither see nor speak. I wished to tell them that I was not suffering but could not utter a word. I remained in this condition all day, but in a very happy state of mind.

Friday, April 12. This is the ninth day since I have been able to hold any intercourse with my friends on earth. My spirit was carried back to the "Beautiful City," and I was again permitted to converse with my own dear Saviour. He said:

"Faithful one, your departure from this place will soon occur. For three days you shall have no temptations, but immediately afterward, they will be great and numerous; but only confide in Me and you shall overcome them in My name." Said He: "You are one of the Father's favored ones. He has done a great work in you, and has shown to the world, in a miraculous way, what He can do for mortals. Be faithful to your high trust, and there shall be good accomplished through your instrumentality."

April 13. This is the tenth day since I fell into this singular condition. I was again permitted to realize that I was in the body. I had a knowledge of what was going on in the room. I learned that my parents had become very uneasy about me and had again called in the physician. I heard them talking and understood them, but could not speak myself. This troubled me somewhat. I wished to tell them that I was not suffering and in no danger as to my natural life.

The Lord told me not to be distressed but to let His "will be done." When the physician came he said he could restore me by pouring cold water upon my head. This he called for. I was much troubled now as I wanted to be let alone, knowing that I would get up next day of myself. I felt that my strange experience was not yet finished.

The physician commenced pouring water upon my head and again my spirit seemed to go back to Heaven. My Lord said to me: "For the sake of your parents, I suffer it. Faithful one, be always

ready; for you cannot know when I shall call you again. Speak for me everywhere. Be a faithful and true witness."

Again my spirit returned to earth, and I was enabled to converse with those around me. The impression made those ten days will never fade from my mind. The scenes, both of suffering and joy, are deeply engraved on the tablets of my memory. Why I had this experience, God alone can make known; but what I know not now I shall know hereafter.

If these lines should ever fall under the notice of the wicked, I most earnestly beseech them to turn to the fifth day of my journey and deeply ponder the awful scenes described up to that time. *Hell is an awful reality*, and every unrepenting sinner will be cast into its dark caverns, and will mingle with its wretched victims.

May the Lord help sinners to shun it.

Josephine V. Reynolds
Pecks Run,
Upshur County,
West Virginia.

April, 1873.

TESTIMONIALS

Peel Tree, Barbour County,
West Virginia.

This is to certify that I have been personally acquainted with Miss Josephine V. Reynolds from infancy up to the present. She has always been very remarkable for her amiable disposition. In early youth she became a seeker of the religion of Jesus Christ which she sought for some years without obtaining. Finally, while at the anxious seat, or altar of prayer, she fell into a swoon, deep sleep, or trance, insensible (to all finite or human appearance) to every external object around her, in which condition she remained ten days without sustenance. When she awoke or revived from this state of insensibility, she gave unmistakable evidence of her acceptance with the Lord. She is now a worthy and consistent church member, an example of piety to all around her, an ornament to society.

(Signed) Wm. McK. Morrison.

Peel Tree, Barbour County,
West Virginia.

I visited Miss Josephine V. Reynolds while she lay in a trance, or whatever state it may be called. She lay apparently insensible and unconscious of what was going on around her, yet her pulse was regular, her breathing and countenance were all natural, and she appeared to be in a calm sleep, retaining her usual healthy look and lay just as she was placed. My recollection is she lay in that condition some ten days or more, during which she was visited by a great many people from both far and near, probably several hundred, who will substantiate what I have said in this certificate. Miss Reynolds is a young lady of unblemished reputation and of a family highly respected.

(Signed) Jessie W. Arnold.

Peel Tree, Barbour County,
West Virginia.

I visited Miss Josephine V. Reynolds twice while she lay in a trance or state of insensibility. My recollection is that she remained in that ten or eleven days and during that time seemed perfectly unconscious of anything that was transpiring around her. While in that condition she was visited by a great many people, probably hundreds who would substantiate this certificate.

Miss Reynolds is of a good family, loved and respected by all who know her.

W. W. Collins.

Burnersville, West Virginia

I hereby certify that I visited Miss Josephine V. Reynolds twice during the time she was in the described trance. After a careful examination I found her physical system in perfect health. She was unable to partake of any food whatever or to arise from her bed. I am personally acquainted with the family and the young lady, and know her to be of irreproachable character, and the family respectable.

J. C. Wade, M. D.

Grafton, Taylor County,
West Virginia.

I visited Josephine Reynolds on Pecks Run on the eighth day after she had been taken away in a trance, also two or three times before, on the third and fourth days. The scene was truly affecting and made me feel solemn. It was surely a miracle wrought by Divine Power, and caused me to think of the miracles performed by the Saviour while in the world. It was enough to shake the foundation of infidelity and unbelief.

Rev. Wm. McWeekley.

Rural Dale, Upshur County,
West Virginia.

On Sabbath, April 7, 1873, as I was on my way to one of my appointments, and having learned of the condition of Miss Josephine V. Reynolds, I called to see her. I found her lying on a bed, and, to all human appearance, in a sweet sleep. I felt her pulse, it was somewhat slow, but very regular, and indicating great tranquillity of mind. I did not visit her any more but my neighbors went to see her every day while in this condition which lasted ten days. I have been acquainted with the family for years and know Josephine to be a reliable young lady.

Rev. Elias Bennett.

Pecks Run, West Virginia.

I am glad that I, too, can give my testimony to the facts already stated with regard to the remarkable and strange circumstances connected with the authoress of the foregoing pages. I have known her personally for nearly two years and have made particular inquiry about her character from infancy. Nothing can be alleged against her. She had been an humble penitent for some time previous to the circumstance, and at the time she was taken made a profession of religion, and has been an earnest, faithful Christian ever since.

Rev. John Rexroad.

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